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THE CHILD'S WONDER PICTURE BOOK

STORIES

(252.a.9)



THE CHILD'S

WONDER PICTURE BOOK

OF

FAVOURITE STORIES.

WHICH ALL MAY REHEARSE.



With Two Hundred and Sixty-five Engravings by the Brothers Dalziel.

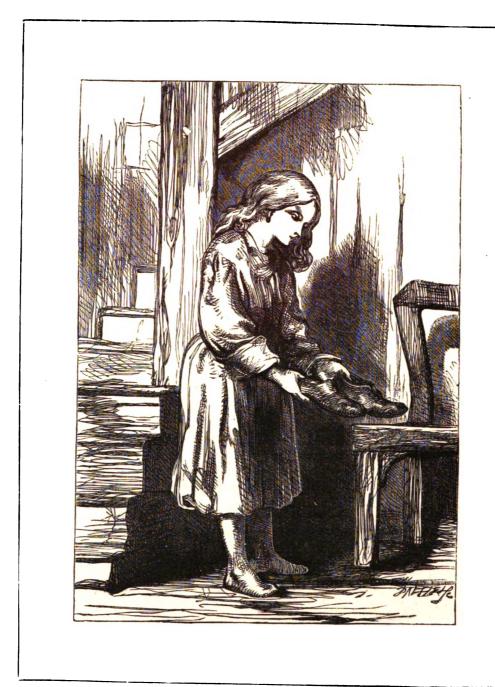
LONDON:

WARD, LOCK, AND CO., WARWICK HOUSE, DORSET BUILDINGS, SALISBURY SQUARE.

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INVITATION.

HERE'S our favourite Picture Book!
All who like may come and look!
Pretty prints by many hands,
Pretty tales of many lands—
Tales of Giants, tales of Fairies;
Of Tom Thumb, and his vagaries;
Of the Bears within the wood,
And the dear RED RIDING-HOOD.

How fair Fortune's smile did gladden Happy, fortunate ALADDIN;
How Morgiana, with her can,
Boiled the robbers to a man;
CINDERELLA at the ball;
SLEEPING BEAUTY in the hall,
Sleeping till her lover came
So beautiful a bride to claim.

How the sight of little new shoes
Gladdened Little Goody Two-Shoes,
Ere that busy careful dame
Earned her fortune, love, and fame.
How my Lord of Carabas
Was at quite a doleful pass,—
They might have starved too, in the end,
But for Puss in Boots, his friend.





INVITATION (continued).

You shall hear about the feast
All provided by the BEAST,
What a sacrifice to duty
There was made by pretty "BEAUTY,"—
How her fate, though seeming hard,
Brought at last its own reward;
How, the strife and trials past,
All were happy made at last.

You shall hear how JACK again
Up the Beanstalk climbed amain;
How he was the Fairy's client;
How he tricked the churlish Giant;
How at last the Giant fell
From the Beanstalk down, pell-mell:
Proving clearly to you all
Wicked pride must have a fall.

This, with all that rich and rare is In our tales of Elves and Fairies, You shall hear and you shall see, If you'll listen now to me; And to save our space and time, It is written all in rhyme. Children, draw your chairs well in, Now we're going to begin!









THE HISTORY OF

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

With Twenty Pictures by Thomas B. Dalziel.

The moral of this little tale,

You plainly all may see,

If you would have it, in a word—

Don't keep bad company.





By your companions you'll be judged,

And very sure I am,

If wolves and foxes are your friends,

You won't be thought a lamb.







In a pretty English
village,
Fringed around with tree
and glade,
Lived a poor but honest
woman,
And a pretty little maid.

She'd a little scarlet
mantle,
Given her for being
good,
And the folks who saw her
wear it,
Called her dear "Red
Riding Hood."



Said her mother: "Little daughter,
Listen what to you I tell;
Take these cheesecakes—
take this butter—
Take this pot of cream as well.

Grandmamma I hear is poorly,
In her cottage near the wood,
You shall take these presents to her,
And I hope they'll do her good.



Forth she went, the little maiden,
In her little scarlet hood,
Over stile, through field and meadow,
Till she reached the darksome wood;
But she met a wolf in the forest,
Such a big wolf, gaunt and grim,
But he spoke with such politeness,
She was not afraid of him.





He found out where she was going, Also what she meant to do;



And he ran to the old dame's cottage, Killed the poor old lady too.



Little Riding Hood crossed the forest Through the which the wolf had sped,

He put on the old dame's nightcap,

Which for him was just the size,

And he looked, I must confess it,

Very queer in this disguise.



And soon reached the little cottage, And unpacked her cakes of bread.



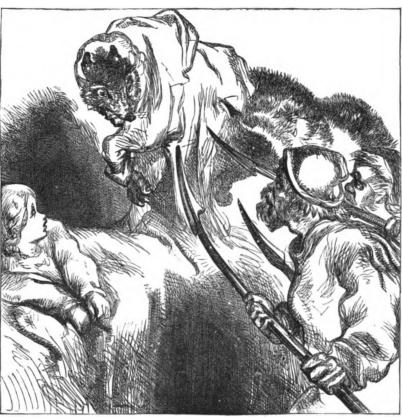


Then the wolf, his voice disguising,
Fain would have her come to bed—
"Why, how strange you look, dear granny—
What large eyes you've got"—

she said.

'And what great long ears
you've got too—
What a great long nose
beneath,
What a great big set of nails,
too,
What a frightful set of

teeth!"



"Those great teeth are just to
eat you,"
Cried the wolf, and up he
sprang—
Little Riding Hood was
frightened—
Long and loud her shrieks
outrang.

At the sound rushed in some
woodmen,
Who the wolf had long
observed—
Long he fought, but still they
killed him,
And the wolf was rightly
served.





Little Riding Hood was taken,

To her mother safe and sound;

Glad the good dame was to see her,

Greatly did her thanks abound.



And the pretty little maiden,

Learned from all her fright and pain,

Ne'er to talk with evil people,

Not to trust a wolf again.







THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB.

With Twenty-one Pictures by H. K. Browne.

HERE is a tale
Of the doughty knight
Who in Arthurs' court,
Tom Thumb was bright.

He must have been But a tiny elf, And seen many mice As big as himself.

And yet we find He earned some fame, And every child Has heard his name

Great Arthur loved him, It pleased the king To see him dance, And hear him sing.



They liked him well
In Arthur's court,
That merry urchin
Who made them sport.

Now good little friends When this you read, To one thing, I pray You'll give good heed.

This good little Tom,
Although so small
Was for his good temper,
Beloved by all.

To each little child

If it only tries

May for its good temper,

Be loved likewise.



SAID a peasant to Merlin—I wish I'd a son, If he were only as big as my thumb;



And Merlin promised—and so next year, In the peasant's cottage, the fairies appear,







And the queen of the fairies
Brought a son,
With nice little fairy
Garments on.

So small was his size
When he first did come,
His parents gave him
The name "Tom Thumb."

Tom was a lively
And clever lad;
But cheated at marbles!
(Which was bad.)



So here you see

How the village rout,
Are serving young Master
Thomas out.

Here is a tinker,
In horror and dread,
Throwing away a great
Pudding of bread,

For the pudding had danced
Like a living thing
Because Tom was prancing
And dancing within.



And that's why Tom's mother that very day Had given to the tinker the pudding away—

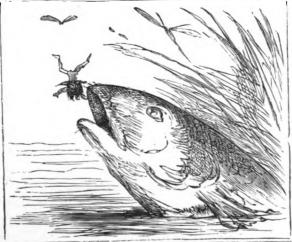


From the pudding released he jumped suddenly Down the throat of Grumbo who dwelt by the sea.





And as the poor giant was sore
in pain,
Tom jumped as suddenly out
again;
And as a great salmon went
sailing by
It snapped up Tom like a
dragon fly.
The salmon that day by fishers
was caught,
And to the court of King Arthur
brought.



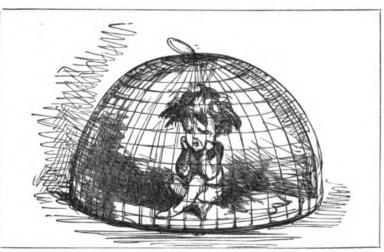
And as the King's cook was
cutting it through,
Up jumps Master Tom, crying
How do you do?
He was introduced at
King Arthur's court,
When he made for the lords and
ladies sport;
He'd dance and caper the whole
day long,
And no one at court sang
a better song.



One day he fell inadvertently Into King Arthur's fermenty;



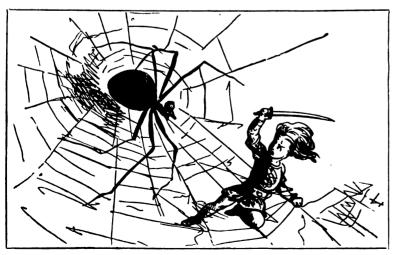
And another time he was nearly drowned From falling into a basin round.



And after the latter sad mishap He fell in disgrace and was put in a trap.



A cat once attacked him, as here you see, But Sir Thomas fought her right gallantly;



But alas a fell spider's poisonous breath So hurt poor Tom that it caused his death;



He was buried under a fine tombstone, And—Here Lies Tom Thumb—was written thereon.



THE

HISTORY

OF



CINDERELLA

AND THE GLASS-SLIPPER.

With Twenty-One Pictures by Thomas B. Dalziel.

THE brook that o'er its pebbly bed,

So noisily doth go,

Is not so deep as the quiet stream,

With swift but silent flow.

The child that in the corner sits,

So patient and so shy,

May feel far more in its little
heart,

Than those that shout and cry.





If in the children's noisy throng,

Such silent child should be,
Oh, mother, tend it with
double care,

And guard it carefully.

Your house may hold, in that little chair,

By the fireside sad and lone
An angel come to you unaware,
A jewel, all unknown.







A GENTLEMAN once

Made a lady his bride,

Who brought him a daughter,

And afterwards died.

The gentleman then

Led a sad, lonely life,

And took, to console him,

A proud haughty wife.

This wife, who cared only

For show and for pelf,

Brought home two big

daughters

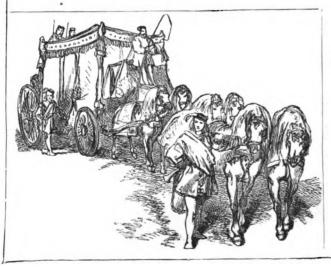
As proud as herself.



Their poor little sister,
Once bright as the morn,
They called Cinderella,
And treated with scorn.

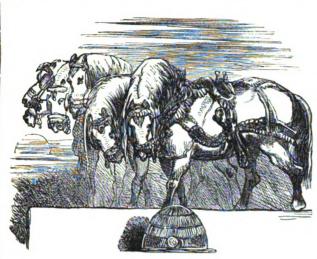
They made her be servant,
And come at their call,
And make their fine dresses,
For concert and ball.

Thus to the king's palace,
One night they had gone,
While poor Cinderella
Sat sadly alone.



Her godmother found
her
In sorrowful mood,
Said she, "You shall
go
To the ball, if you're
good."



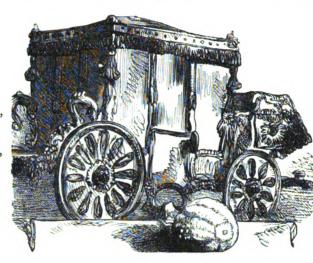


She made her a coach,

Of a pumpkin so nice,

Of rats she made horses,

And footmen of mice.









She gave her fine clothes,

And glass slippers so small,

And thus Cinderella

Went off to the ball.

The prince made her dance;
By her beauty was fired;
And the longer he gazed,
The more he admired.

But later than twelve
Cinderella would stay,
And lost a glass slipper
In hast'ning away.









Next day a great party
Of heralds did come,
With sounding of trumpet,
And beating of drum.

For the prince had picked up
The slipper so small,
Cinderella had dropped
When she fled from the ball.

And said he would marry
The lady who'd show
The slipper would fit her
At heel and at toe.

The proud sisters tried
Again and again,
To draw on the shipper,
But all was in vain.

At last Cinderella
Said "Let me try too,
For it may fit me,
If it does not fit you."





The sisters said "No;"

But the herald says "Yea;

She's a right to her turn,

And she shall have her way."

The herald knelt down,
And tried on the shoe;
It not only went on,
But fitted her, too.

Then, said the herald,

And rose from the ground,

"The lady I've sought

At last has been found."

Cinderella was dressed
In garments so gay,
To the prince she was married,
The very next day.

She also found husbands

For her sisters, 'tis said,

And I think those poor fellows

Had great cause for dread.

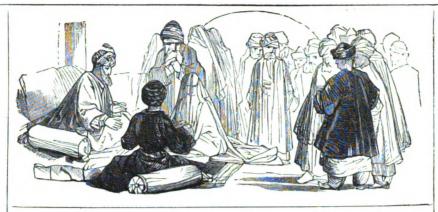


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A WONDERFUL lamp,
We well may confess,
We, one and all,
Would gladly possess.



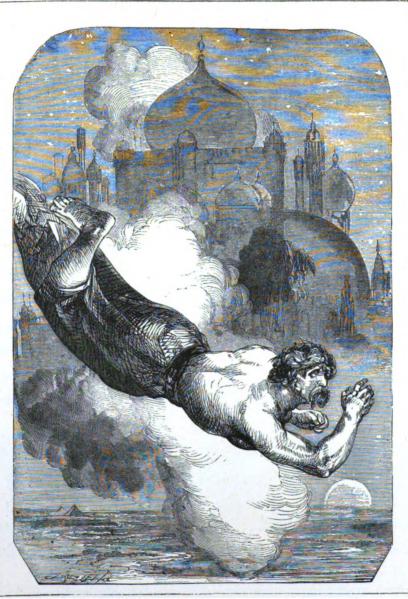


ALADDIN

AND THE

WONDERFUL LAMP.

With Twenty Pictures by William Harvey.





For happy is he,
Who, by striving, earns
The Lamp of Knowledge,
That always burns.



ALADDIN was a tailor's son,
Who dwelt in eastern lands,
He had a very clever head,
But rather idle hands.

His father dead, Aladdin went About with idle boys,

And in the street all day he played,

With uproar and with noise.

There came a great magician once,

From Afric's heated land, He found Aladdin in the street, Just ready to his hand.



He took the lad, and coaxed the lad,

With tales that were not true, Said he, "You are my brother's son,

How does your mother do?"

To which Aladdin thus replied, For very glad was he,

" If you would know how mother is,

You'd better come and see."

Hetookthegreatmagicianhome,
Who was so very civil,
Aladdin's mother never once,
Suspected him of evil.







And then he took Aladdin out

The city's sights to see,

And dressed him up in handsome clothes,

As fine as fine could be.



And when Aladdin's confidence

To gain he had no doubt,

He next began to put in force,

The scheme he came about.

A wonderful and precious lamp, Lay hidden in a cave, And this for his own purposes,
The wizard wished to have.
He took Aladdin out to walk,

Much farther than before,

They left the city at their backs, A dozen miles and more.

The wizard in a lonely place,

A blazing wood fire made,

And when the smoke had cleared away,

A cavern was displayed.



Said he, "Aladdin hasten down

Into this cavern drear,

Take up the lamp that you
will see,

And bring it to me here."

Aladdin went and found the lamp,

As the magician said,
But all the cave was dark and
cold,

And he was sore afraid.

He would not give the lamp away,

Though hard the wizard tried,

So the magician left him there,

To starve until he died.



And there our poor Aladdin stayed,

Until in his despair,

He chanced to rub the magic lamp—

Then stood a genie there.

He took Aladdin from the cave,

And brought him safely home,

And was his servant good and true,

For many days to come.

His mother was so much afraid.

To see the genie's face,
Aladdin never summoned him
Until she'd left the place.



I'll tell you of Aladdin's love,
And how he won and woo'd her,
She was the sultan's daughter fair,
The Princess Badroulboudour.

He'd seen her going to the bath, And fell so deep in love, He sent his mother off at once, The sultan's heart to move.

The genie coming to his aid,
Brought out such presents rare,
The sultan dazzled by the sight,
Did grant Aladdin's prayer.









The bad magician hearing soon,

Aladdin's fortune great, Vowed he would have a dire revenge,

And thus did lie in wait.

When good Aladdin was away,

He to his castle went,
"Old lamps for new," he
cried amain,

With cunning deep intent.

The princess, now Aladdin's wife,

Sold him the magic lamp,
With which this sad deceiver soon,

Did suddenly decamp.



What poor Aladdin would have done,
I really cannot tell,
But he had yet another friend,
Who served him very well.

This was a genie, to whose aid

Aladdin now did cling; He was a being wild and

The genie of the ring.

great,

He bore Aladdin through the air,

Till to that land came they, Where the magician had conveyed,

The princess fair away.



The bad magician fell down dead,

The goblet in his hand,
And thus were brought to
dire defeat,

The treasons he had planned.

Aladdin now had his dear wife, And his good lamp again, And all the bad magician's arts.

Had practised been in vain.

Right glad was she you may believe,

Her husband dear to see;
They laid a plan whereby to get,

The lamp right speedily.

The princess asked the wicked man

That day with her to dine,

And that his crimes might punished be,

Put poison in his wine.

The people cheered to see him come,
With the lady he did bring;
And when the sultan died they chose
Aladdin for their king.



THE

STORY OF

THE

THREE

BEARS.



When you are in a stranger's house, Be it mansion of man or bear, Don't touch, dear children, the pretty things, That you may find stored up there.







With Twenty-Three Pictures by W. Harvey.







THERE once was a forest, and dwelling there, Were a great and a small and a middle-sized Bear; They'd a bed and a chair and a pot for their tea, And they lived all together in harmony.

One day, when the sun shone on every place, Said the middle Bear, washing the little Bear's face, "It's such a fine day—such beautiful weather, Suppose we go out for a walk, all together."







The three Bears scarcely were out of sight,
When there came through the wood a maiden bright,
Dancing and singing, with never a care,
A sweet pretty child, little Silverhair.

She'd been searching the wild wood through and through For cowslips, wild roses, and violets blue; And now with heat and with thirst opprest, She was looking about for a place to rest.

And thus she arrived quite unawares, At the family house of these three fine Bears.



She peeped through the window, and cried "Dear me, What beautiful place is this I see?"



In the house she found the tables and chairs,
And the three porridge-pots of the absent Bears.



She sat herself down in the little Bear's chair, And ate up his porridge for her share;





The chair gave way and she came to the ground, And then on the fragments danced a round.



Then to the bedrooms up she crept, And on the little Bear's bed she slept;



She suddenly woke with a start and a cry, For there was the little Bear standing by.



Little Silverhair not a moment stayed, But straight for the open window made— She sprang through the window and ran away, While the Bears gazed after her in dismay.



Here's Silverhair on the little Bear's bed, With a blue-bottle buzzing around her head; Very cozy she looks at present, But her waking up will not be so pleasant.



Here you see little Silverhair, Who thinks she's pursued by an angry bear; See how fast through the wood she flies, Another time she will be more wise.



Here the three famous Bears are found, All of them dancing a merry go round, "After all," they say, "she was very fair;" So success to little Silverhair.





THE STORY

OF



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

With Twenty Pictures by W. Harvey.

Judge not by outward form alone—

Now this, I think, at least, May as a moral well be learned,

From "Beauty and the Beast."

Trust not in wealth and worldly pomp—

The merchant well might say,

To whom such sad reverses came,

On one unhappy day.





'Tis better far to work than grieve;

This I am sure might we,

From the two foolish sisters learn,

Who wept so sullenly.

Of your position make the best,

Do cheerfully your duty,
A moral that will suit us

And this we learn from "Beauty."



There was a merchant rich and great,

Who had a very large estate,

And house and gardens, fowl and fish,

And everything his heart could wish.



For as his wealth was widely known, Did many men to him bow down;

He had three sons all taught with care,

He had three daughters passing fair,

And troops of friends from serf to squire,

Were glad to come at his desire.

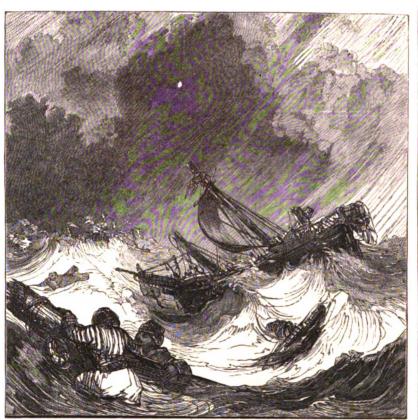


And his three sons so great and grand,

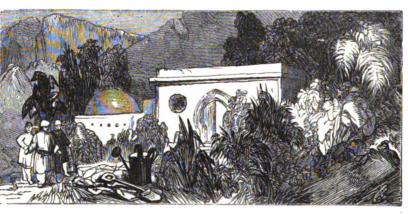
Had now to work and till the land,

Till sorrowing for their sudden fall,

They went for soldiers one and all.



Alas, misfortune came full soon, His ships were wrecked, his wealth was gone;



So that the merchant erst so sad, In his poor house felt blythe and glad.



His lovely daughters now were left,

Of gauds and jewels all bereft;

The elder two wept all day long,

But Beauty worked, and sang her song.



But see, a letter came to hand, To say a ship had come to land, And so he called his daughters down, And promised something fine from town.



Jewels and silks the eldest chose, But Beauty said, "I'd like a rose;" The merchant in the forest strayed, And in a castle grand he stayed.



From the garden stole one rose—the least, When straight before him stood a beast. And said, "You die—that's very clear, Unless you bring your daughter here.



Beauty—although at first she wept— Said that the promise must be kept, And with her father rode away, With this same dreadful beast to stay.



The Beast was surely very kind,
But Beauty for her father pined;
He gave her all things of the best,
But still she had not peace nor rest.
Until one day with face of woc,
The Beast said, "Oh, I love you so,
Say, Beauty, say, my dearest life,
Will you, will you become my wife?"



Beauty replied in accents low,
"I cannot wed you,—no, Beast, no.
At which the Beast a sigh outheaved,
To show how terribly he grieved.
He let her go to see her father,
And Beauty stopped a long time, rather;
Until one night her heart did quail,
To see a vision thin and pale,



Which had the look she thought at least,
Of her neglected, faithful Beast.
In haste she to the castle sped,
And found the poor Beast almost dead.
She promised to become his wife,
And he awoke again to life.
His magic bearskin off he threw,
Became a prince, and handsome, too!









THE HISTORY

OF

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

With Twenty-Two Pictures by Thomas B. Dalziel.

ONE frequent cause of deep distress,

Is found in children's heedlessness.

Children who, brisk, and blithe, and gay,

Will sport and gambol all the day;

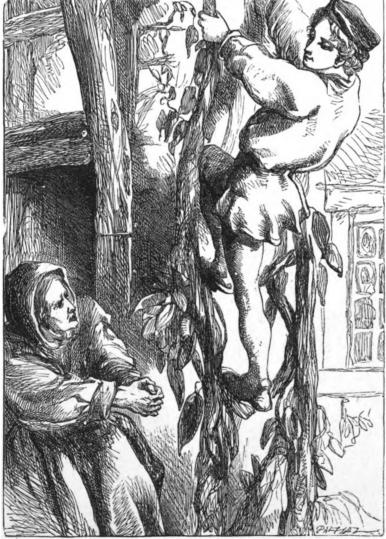
Who pierce a mother's fond heart through,

And know or care not what they do;

Such children soon the time will see,

When they'll repent right bitterly.





He who commits an evil deed,

Is like a man who sows bad seed;

He may be sure that, quick or slow,

That seed will burst and sprout and grow.

Thus when you read how all in vain,

The thievish giant strove for gain,

This maxim in your memory keep,

What a man soweth he shall reap.





Jack was nimble and Jack was quick,
And Jack could jump over a candlestick,
But Jack his labour would often shirk,
And Jack loved play, but he hated work,
And so Jack's mother, a widowed dame,
To want and poverty quickly came,
And one day sent her heedless lad,
To sell the very last cow she had.



A rogue of a butcher met him now,

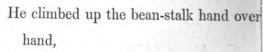
And for a few beans he bought the cow,

Which beans Jack's mother, in grief

and woe,

Threw into the garden, not thinking they'd grow.

Next morning Jack was surprised to see,
A bean-stalk had grown up gallantly.



And came to a strange and unknown land.

A fairy met him and told him a tale,

How Jack's father had dwelt in a lovely

vale,

Until a great giant fierce and bad,
Had slain him and robbed him of all
he had.









So that with her baby forced to flee,

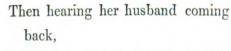
Jack's mother had fallen to penury;

Then Jack who was both brave and bold,

Determined to get back his father's gold.

To the giant's castle he straight went up,

And the giant's wife let him in to sup,



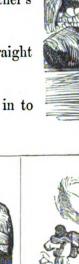
In a nice snug cupboard she hid our Jack.

As soon as the giant his supper had done,

He counted his pounds o'er one by one,

Then sat by the fire, and soundly slept,

While Jack from his place of concealment crept.







And reached with the bags of gold the door, Whence his mother had fled many years before.

A dog snarled at him as he went on, But Jack to old Towzer threw a bone.



He got safe home, to his mother's relief, For she lay pining and sick with grief.



And also the giant's wondrous hen, That laid eggs of gold again and again.



But another time the giant was sharp, For Jack went and stole his golden harp,



The giant ran himself out of breath, And here you see how he met his death.



Jack ran to the bean-stalk hard and fast, And reached the foot of the plant at last.

Then quickly he cut the bean-stalk down,
And it fell with the giant who clung
thereon,

That the monster with shattered head, Lay in the garden still and dead.

And the Fairy said, "Jack you've your own again,

For justice is done, and the robber slain."





THE STORY

OF

ALI BABA

AND



THE FORTY THIEVES.

With Seventeen Pictures by John Absolon.

Here's a pretty story,

Written long ago—

And what may it tell us?

Listen, you shall know.

'Tis designed to teach you—
Goods obtained by wrong
Don't enrich the finder—
Will not prosper long.

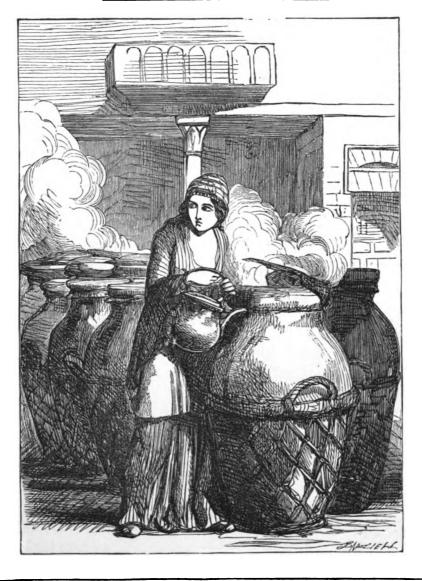
Better to be needy,

Quite of wealth bereft,

Than to bask in riches,

Produce of a theft.

From rich brother Cassim,
And his wretched fate,
You may learn a lesson
Worthy to relate.



That the man who's greedy,

Never is at rest,

Thinks his brother's portion

Always must be best.

That the grasping miser

Never can enjoy

Wealth he is unable

Wisely to employ.

And be ne'er ungrateful

For a service done—

Or an act of kindness,

Or a favour won.

Think of Ali Baba,

And how well he knew

To reward with honour

Service good and true.



Ali Baba was a poor, poor woodman,
Dwelling somewhere out in the east,
But he had a rich brother Cassim,
Worth twenty thousand pounds at least.



When they were gone, thought Ali Baba,
Why should not I cry "Open Sesame" too—
And he found the cave full of gold and silver,
And came away as rich as a Jew.



One day Ali Baba was out in the forest, Cutting down wood, poor toiling slave, When he discovered a troop of robbers, Who cried "Open Sesame" to get into a cave.



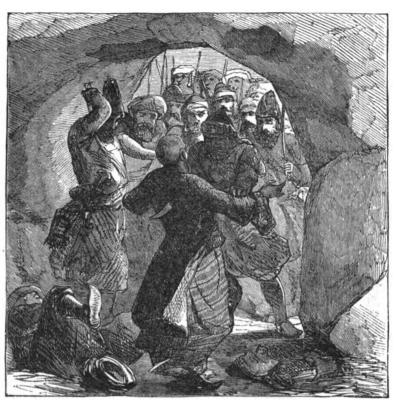
When he brought the gold to his wife home,
She—never thinking what she was about—
Sent to brother Cassim's to borrow a measure
To measure the gold and the silver out.



A piece of gold that stuck to the measure Soon showed Master Cassim the state of the case; He made Ali Baba tell him the secret About the "Open Sesame," and point out the place.



Ali Baba went in search of Cassim, When that greedy person so long did roam; He found him like an orange cut up into quarters, Put him together and brought him home.



But cunning Cassim forgot "Open Sesame"— Was caught in the cave to his great distress; The robbers found him and cut him in pieces, Which cured him of his covetousness.



Meanwhile the robbers held a council,
Determined to find who'd stolen their pelf;
The captain, disguised as a good oil merchant,
Determined to settle the matter himself.



He came to the house of Ali Baba, Who very kindly asked him to stay;



He'd got the very talkative cobbler Who'd sewn up Cassim, to show him the way.



Much to the horror of Ali Baba, When she took him to peep in the pan;



The robbers were found concealed in oil jars,



By the slave Morgiana boiled, to a man.

And for the faithless robber captain,
She to punish him laid a plan—
She danced a dance in the Eastern fashion,
And then she to sing a song began.

Pretending she still was only acting, Withadagger she stab'd him as she passed



And quite stone dead he fell on the carpet, Proving that robbers get punished at last.

So by the death of the robber captain Ali Baba's fortune was made and won, And to reward this Morgiana He married her right off hand to his son.



THE

HISTORY

 \mathbf{OF}



LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES

With Twenty-one Pictures by Thomas B. Dalziel.

This little tale was written
To show how, here on earth,
The only helps to happiness
Are Industry and Worth.

This little Goody Two-shoes,
Whose parents both did die,
Had still the mighty Father left
Who dwells beyond the sky.





And she was good and patient,
She tried to do her best;
And He whose pity faileth not,
Provided for the rest.

Then learn there is a Father
For orphans one and all,
Without whose word no little bird
Can from the roof-tree fall.







ONCE in a village lived
a man,
Who led a toilsome life;
He had two children, Madge
and Tom,
And had a loving wife.

They had a ruthless
creditor,
And food was very dear,
And grief and trouble laid
full soon
Both parents on their bier.

When they were dead and laid in grave,
The orphans, through the town,
Barefoot and hungry, handin-hand,
Went wand'ring up and down.



But many gave them food to eat, And a captain brave and free, Took little Tommy by the hand, And sent him off to sea.

And soon a lady good and kind
Gave Madge a pair of new shoes;
She was so pleased, she got the name
Of Little Goody Two-shoes.

Once, taking shelter in a barn,
She heard some wicked men
Plan how they'd rob the squire's great house,
And burn it there and then.





Miss Two-shoes ran and told the squire, And proper means took he, So that the robbers were conveyed Away in custody.





Our Little Goody had a school, And taught each village child;



She bought a lamb to save its life, She was so good and mild.



The little Baalamb's name was Bill, And mistress Margerie



A raven had, a dove, a dog, As tame as tame could be.



She had a lark, too, that could sing And warble pleasantly;



And Goody was by all beloved For her great industry.

One day a fellow rough and rude From neighbouring village came; He was a stupid, sullen elf, And Goosecap was his name.

When Margery with herlittle pets
This foolish rustic saw,
He straight bawled out—"A
Witch! a witch!
And one who breaks the law."

Our Goody laughed to hear him talk,
And called out in her turn,
"A conjuror! a conjuror!"
Which made old Goosecap burn.



He went before the justices, And then declared that he Could swear how

Mistress Two-shoes did Indulge in sorcery.

But Goody pleaded her own cause,
With such good sense and skill,
That all did scorn the foolish
man,

Who would have wrought her ill.

She said that if her pets
were tame,
And would not run away,
It was because she treated all
With kindness every day.



To this our little Margery
Replied so soft and low,
The people could not hear 'twas "Yes"—
But then it was not "No."

And so the wedding was prepared,
As you may understand,
With silks and satins for the bride,
And all things very grand.

And all the village testified
That she, despite her youth,
Had passed through quite a long career
Of usefulness and truth.

And with her modesty and sense, One Justice was imprest, So that in Mistress Margery He took much interest.

And as he until then had led A very lonely life, He asked if she would like to come And be his loving wife.





But just before they went to church,
A stranger came—and he
No other was than little Tom,
Who'd been so long at sea.

He'd got a fortune, and the half
He settled on the bride,
Who, with her husband kind and true,
Lived happy till they died.



THE HISTORY

OF



IF ever there was cat

Gave mouse and gave rat

Just cause to quake with fear,

It is, I surely say,

That pussy sly and gray,

Whom you see pictured here.

If ever there was man

Since time first began,

Had a servant brisk and true,

I think that lucky one,

The miller's youngest son,

In"Puss in boots,"—don'tyou?



His master was left,

Of all wealth bereft,

But Puss cared not a bit,

"If a living," said he,

"Is not left to me,

I'll earn one by my wit."

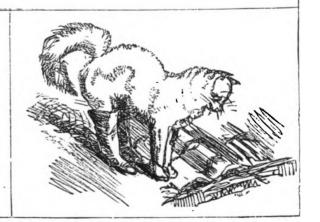
I think, my little dears,
The tale that here appears,
This moral justly suits,
Our real friends we see,
In dark adversity—
Learn this from Puss in Boots.

PUSS IN BOOTS.



WITH
TWENTY-TWO PICTURES

BY
HARRISON WEIR.





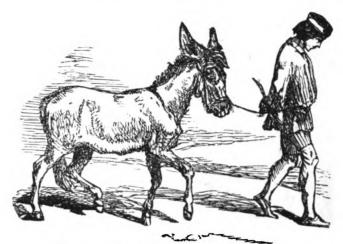
A MILLER died, who had made his will, And had left his eldest son his mill;



But here is the third son, sore and sad, For a large gray cat was all he had;



Next day went Puss with a game-bag out, And prowled, in his boots, the fields about, And two young rabbits all sleek and fat Were soon entrapped by the wily cat.

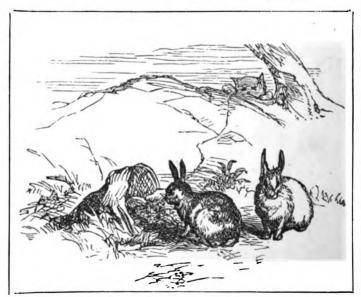


The second son did not badly fare,

For a good strong ass was left as his share;



But Puss said—"Dear master, never fret—Get me some boots, and we'll prosper yet."



Next day Master Puss went out once more, And managed just as he'd done before; And when a bag-full of game he'd caught, To the old King's palace his bag he brought.



With a graceful bow he his gift down-laid—
"From the Marquis of Carabas"—he said;
The King took the present with great delight,
And thought the Marquis was most polite.



One day Puss knew the King would come by,
And to make his master's fortune would try;
He made him go bathe where the King would pass,
And cried—"Help for the Marquis of Carabas."



The King on hearing his piteous cry, Sent some of his servants immediately; And the Marquis was soon in silk arrayed, And in the old King's own coach conveyed.



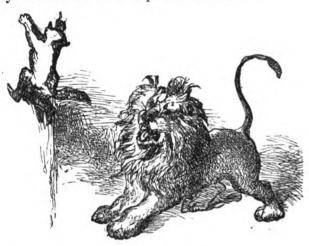
While the Cat ran as fast as his legs would go, To an Ogre's castle in the vale below.



The cunning Cat wanted the castle to pass As the house of the Marquis of Carabas— "Show me, Mr. Ogre, if once in a way You can take the form of a beast to-day."



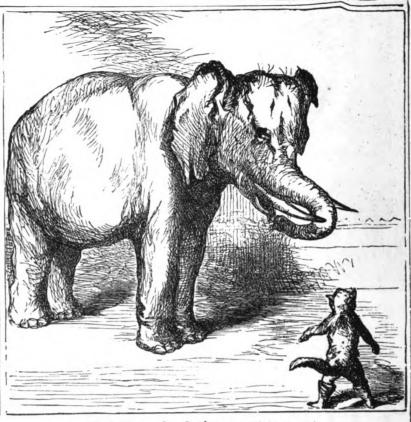
To the reapers he'd said—" If the King should pass—Say your master's the Marquis of Carabas."



Then to puss's terror became a lion, Then a mouse's form he needs must try on;



The King when the wealth of the castle he saw, Cried—"Sir Marquis we choose you our son-in-law;"



The Ogre, the Cat's request to grant, Appeared as a mighty elephant.



But the Cat sprang forward and ate him up— And said—"Here to-night the King shall sup."



And the Cat became a great lord at Court, And never caught mice, except for sport.





THE HISTORY

OF

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

With Twenty-Three Pictures by J. A. Pasquier.

The moral of this little tale, As it appears to me,

Lies in the proven foolishness Of fraud and treachery.

The wicked fairy's guileful arts,
The cruel words she says—
Show how revenge will always
work

By dark and crooked ways.



The hundred years the princess slept,

As though a single night, Show that a time must still elapse,

Ere wrong gives place to right.

The kindly fairy's diligence
In doing all she could—
Shows evil must be combated,
And overcome by good.







A KING he wished for a daughter or son,

"Then," said a fairy, "I'll bring you one."



And so there came, the good king to bless, A little daughter, a fair princess.

To the princess's christening, the parents delighted,

All the neighbouring fairies invited.

Then said a bad fairy maliciously,

"Your child of a wound from a spindle shall die."

"No," said the good fairy; "calm your fears, She shall only sleep for a hundred years."

It all fell out as the fairy said,

The princess hurt her hand, and was laid in bed.



There fell a slumber profound and deep.



And on all in the castle, from turret to keep,





Around them a forest thick and tall, The castle it hid from the gaze of all.



In the courtyard were grooms and horses three All soundly asleep as they could be.



The footman combing his auburn hair, Fell soundly asleep as he stood there.



Another who at the door was standing, Fell asleep on the outer landing.



The porter telling a tale to a friend, Both fell asleep as he got to the end.



A lady sat at her tambour-frame, And fast asleep fell the worthy dame.



The page who with glasses and wine did stand, Fell asleep with the tray in his hand.



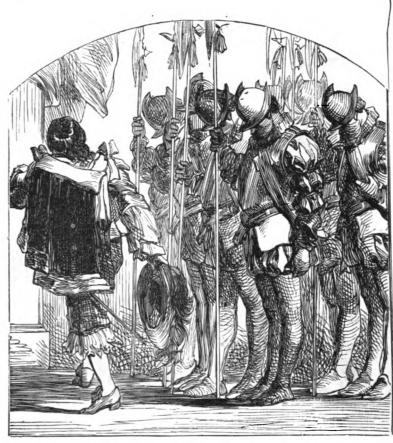
The steward's daughter doing her hair, Fell asleep as she sat in her chair.



The cook and the kitchen-maid jolly and fat, Were fast asleep as they stood and sat; And so while sleep on the castle lay, One hundred years silently slipped away.



An old, old man, quite grey and hoary, Had heard in his youth the princess's story, And the prince determined that none but he Should be the man that would set her free.



When the time appointed was past and gone, There rode a prince through the wood alone, And came to the castle so silent and still, When all the inhabitants slept their fill.



He passed through the weedy, silent park, He passed through passages cold and dark. He kissed the princess—and the spell it broke, And with a great sigh all the castle awoke.



Magenta Mauve Violet Puce Purple Canary Maroon Buff Cerise Sca :let Orange

Blue

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